

371
S U I C I D E,

An E L E G Y.

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S U I C I D E,

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A N

E L E G Y.

*Tenent mæsti loca, qui sibi lethum
Infantes peperere manu; lucemque perosi
Projecere animas*

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. RIDLEY, in ST. JAMES'S STREET.

MDCCLXXV.

S U I C I D E

THE

A N

S E U L E G D Y E

A N E I E V

I have much to say, but the subject
is too large to discuss here. I have
only a few words to say in regard
to the subject of the day. I have
the honor to be, Sir, your obedient
servant.

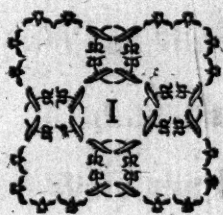
The Secretary, etc. etc. etc.
Printed at the Office of the
Secretary, etc. etc. etc.
In witness whereof, this 1st day of





S U I C I D E,

An E L E G Y.



F yet, beyond the misery of Want,
A longer life, ye gracious Pow'rs! to give
'Tis your high will; altho' severe the grant,
We ought, in duty bound, to strive to live.

Tho' Penury, with all her rueful train,
Our daily lives with icy hand pursue,
'Tis ours to bear, not impiously complain
Of what your wisdom thinks it best to do:

B

For

For faults committed we may justly fear

Some stroke of vengeance from an angry God :

Correction sure bespeaks a Parent's care—

Who loves the Child must sometimes use the rod.

The voice of Reason speaks this sacred truth,

Let foolish Atheists argue as they feel ;

Then why, with desp'rate hand, shall fev'rish Youth

Point to his coward heart the murd'ring steel ?

What's left of life does no affection claim ?

No public virtue, or no private tie ?

Can neither prompt thee to a nobler fame,

Thy Country's danger, or a Parent's sigh ?

Can no Ambition stay thy fell resolve ?

See where, on foreign shores, perpetual fights

In War's wild waste a Nation's peace involve !

There join thy Country's friends, and claim her rights ;

There drink a bold oblivion of thy pains,

Nor lose the chance of dying with applause ;

The lazy drops, now loit'ring in thy veins,

Will flow with honor in a Country's cause :

And

And surely this, a nobler part to fill,
 Than on Thyself to strike a dastard blow :
 If frantic Passion whispers thee to kill,
 Speed its wild spirit on Religion's foe.

The easy act, which no resistance meets,
 Claims not the lowest niche in Honor's fane :
 Her trump those gallant Heroes only greets,
 Who dare oppose, and by opposing, gain.

In the cold bosom of an early tomb
 Our pains and passions never find relief ;
 Then why so anxious for a world to come,
 Where the wrung soul must live in endless grief ?

What tho' but dimly shines this morning's Sun,
 And clouds deep-hanging blur the face of Day,
 Why the set fowl ? When this Day's course is run,
 He'll gild to-morrow's East with tints more gay :

Now in these clouds, which Nature's scenes deform,
 We see some prospect of a brighter sky ;
 The distant Sun, which glimmers thro' the storm,
 Foretells to Reason that a calm is nigh.

Then,

Then, why not curious for the future hour

Suspend a while this Self-destroying rage?

Another year some lenient balm may pour,

And all the anguish of our hearts assuage.

Not always Fortune will her smile refuse ;

Her wheel revolving, yet may bear us up ;

The God who wisely punish'd yet may chuse

To pass, in mercy, e'en this bitter cup.

The dastard fear of greater ills to come,

Ill suits the firmness of a manly soul ;

The weak alone anticipate their doom,

And, tho' they feel but part, yet fear the whole ;

But sure yon cloud now gath'ring o'er my cot,

And threat'ning ruin to my little farm,

May burst its waters on another spot,

Myself, by fav'ring winds, secur'd from harm.

With all thy sins deep-black'ning round thy head,

(Another added in a shameful Death)

Why seek sad refuge on a dying bed,

And seal the number with thy latest breath ?

When

When the last trump shall wake the Dead around,
 How in thy God's dread presence dar'st thou stand;
 The blood yet dropping from thy ghastly wound,
 The fatal weapon trembling in thy hand?

What plea to him, who gave thee first to live,
 And plac'd thee here to do his will alone;
 Robb'd of his right, what reason can'st thou give—
 A desp'rate sinner at his awful throne?

Loft a fond Father's love (a Mother's care,
 The peaceful-tenant of an early grave)
 Is this thy plea to justify despair?
 Will this avail, thy soul appall'd to save?

No friend a pitying witness of thy woe,
 (Surviv'd thy little fortune's small supply)
 With gen'rous heart some comfort to bestow,
 Speed the warm alm, and still the rising sigh?

Pale Sicknefs, feebly flow, with trem'lous pace,
 Thro' the dark vale of Misery and Pain,
 Approaching tow'rd thee with his cold embrace,
 Of present ills to swell the gloomy train?

But hark ! from yonder tow'r the knell profound
 (A dismal note to pageantry and show)
 Strikes to the midnight gloom its awful sound,
 In solemn pauses, regularly flow ;
 The thin procession moves unheeded on,
 Save that yon' youth, inquisitive to read,
 Bearing with eager step the train among,
 Sees down the fable pall the corse to bleed ;
 And asks, " If Conscience urg'd him to the knife,
 " For numbers slaughter'd on the ***** Coast ;
 " If dreams of *****'s Field disturb'd his life,
 " Some Orphan's murm'ring, or a *****'s ghost ?
 " In that dread hour what other thought prevail'd ?
 " Th' extorted ***** on a dying bed ?
 " A People's rights inhumanly curtail'd ?
 " A Country's waste immeasurably spread ?
 " And could no Senate's Thanks his conscience calm ?
 " Nor the gay Ribbon which adorn'd his side ?
 " Could no one thought infuse a healing balm ;
 " His King's distinction, or his Title's pride ?"

***** Wilt

***** Wilt thou plead, before thy Maker's throne,

The cries of thousands dead before their time?

The Daughter's yell, the Widow's bitter moan,

To stay his vengeance, and excuse thy crime?

The same sad yell will ever wound thy ear,

Haunt thy pale ghost some widow'd Mother's woe,

'Reft of his crown some ***** Prince appear,

To fill thy torment in the world below.

How weak to think that any private cause

Could on so black a sin impose a fame;

Smooth the dread rigor of Religion's laws,

Or lend one merit to a *****'s shame!

What, tho' the honest Tradesman ask'd his due,

And frequent Duns besieg'd his morning gate;

The starv'd Annuitant, the suppliant Jew,

Who lent their fortunes to assist his state,

Where moves the Sun which sets without a cloud?

What happier climate does his light adorn?

Where sleeps the head which sorrows never bow'd?

Where grew the rose which never bore a thorn?

But

But soft, my Muse—for ever die the tale;
 Some kinder office shou'd thy thoughts engage:
 Raise near his sickly turf a circling pale,
 And hide the story from a curious age;
 The little wants of Infancy explore;
 With ready hand its asking eye relieve;
 Ne'er let it know a Father to deplore;
 Ne'er let its wants instruct it how to grieve:
 For no deep satire do these numbers mean,
 Intended only to relieve despair;
 Not on the mem'ry of a Man to lean,
 Or to a Widow's sorrow add a tear.

THE END.